

# The Weekly Shelby News.

BY HENRI F. MIDDLETON, >

VOL: 16—NO: 47.

(TRUTH AND OUR NATIVE LAND—FEARLESSLY, FAITHFULLY, AND FIRMLY.)

SHELBYVILLE, KY., NOVEMBER 21, 1855.

\$2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

WHOLE NO: 827.

The Weekly Shelby News,  
Devoted to Politics, Literary, Miscellaneous, and  
General Intelligence, is the LARGEST and CHEAPEST  
village newspaper published in the State; and will  
receive the postage in Shelby county, to single  
subscribers, at

**TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.** IN A D V A N C E,

or \$2 50 payable within three months after subscription  
—at which time all subscriptions will be considered  
due, and chargeable with interest. No paper  
discreased (except at the time of the ELECTIONS),  
will all arrangements made. A failure to notify ad-  
vertiser, will be considered a new engagement,  
and the paper forwarded accordingly.

Any person advertising in FIVE DOLLARS,  
will receive a free copy of the Shelby News, and receipt  
for the payment thereof.

Measures CRANE & CO., No. 57, South Third  
Street, Philadelphia, are our authorized to receive  
and receipt for advertisements for the Shelby News.

All letters and communications through the post  
office to the Editor must be sent free of postage.

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The circulation of the Shelby Weekly News is  
large and is constantly increasing. As a medium of  
communicating with the public, its general and wide  
circumference affords rare opportunities. Terms are as  
follows:

For a square, 12 lines or less, one insertion, \$1 00;  
Each additional insertion, 50 cents.

For a column, 12 lines or less, one insertion, 1 50;  
Each additional insertion, 50 cents.

For a square, 12 lines or less, three months, 4 00;  
For 12 lines or less three months, 7 00;

For 12 lines or less twelve months, 12 00;

Quarterly, a column 12 lines or a column 3 00;

For 12 lines or less twelve months, 6 00;

One column for 12 months, 6 00;

For 12 lines or less twelve months, 12 00;

For 12 lines or less twelve months, 24 00;

For 12 lines or less twelve months, 48 00;

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For 12 lines or less twelve months, 192 00;

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# The Shelby News.

AMERICANS SHALL RULE AMERICA.

The Shelby News is the largest and cheapest village newspaper published in Kentucky.  
Term \$2 in advance; \$2 50 payable within six months of receiving, at which time all subscriptions will be due and chargeable with interest.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1855.

Correspondence of The Shelby News.

## From Wisconsin.

MADISON, Wis., Nov. 15, 1855.

To the Editor of The Shelby News:

In my last, from Chicago, I stated the price of *town lots* several miles from town. On the day of our arrival, there was a large sale of such lots, very numerously attended by strangers, many being from Kentucky. Carriages were provided by the sellers, to convey persons desirous to attend the sale. The bidding was spirited, especially for lots that faced upon the river,—such selling for from \$2,000 to \$3,500, size 50 by 125, three miles from the court house. As for the value of *inside lots*, fancy, friend HENRY, a small piece of ground, containing not more than as many square feet as The Shelby News domicile covers, 80 feet by 125, on a street for private residences, for which \$24,000 was demanded, with the assurance of its being a great speculation at that price.—True, it was on one of the most beautiful avenues in the world, with marble palaces looking down upon it, and out upon the wide lake, whose restless waters changing, in the distance, from dark to the brightest green, and blending in deep blue with the horizon that appears to encircle them, gleaming here and there over its surface with sudden lines of silver, appearing and vanishing like electric lines upon the waves, or wreathing with the same silvery fringe the bows and sides of the white-sailed ships that swayed gracefully before the wind upon its surface. The gaily painted locomotives, with their trains continually passing on piles driven out in the lake along its whole front, all forming a splendid shifting panorama of beauty, that renders this a lovely avenue indeed, and destined some day to rival any other in the world, for magnificence and beauty.—An avenue for millionaires with but few sites to select from. We could not think Chicago to be a healthy city, although we saw no sickly hue; but the most perfect appearance of health, yet side-walks and streets, being all laid with plank, after every rain, the water stands, splashing up and down, to the tread of horses and wheels of carriages, in a manner anything but agreeable.—Houses are going up in every direction, yet do not keep with the demand for them. The demand for mechanics of every kind is very great, and the wages very high. The markets are well supplied with meat, very fine fish, excellent vegetables, and miserable fowls, that appear to have had the shakers. We were much astonished, after making up our minds as to some long-legged, purplish blue, skinned carcasses being sand-hill cranes, to learn they were Turkeys. Fowls do not seem to thrive in "Egypt" with the exception of water fowls.—Nature certainly provides for her creatures in accordance with their wants, as Chickens and Turkeys here, both seemed to us to have length of legs sufficient to guard against any inundation. If she but furnished the young human biped, at his birth, in "Egypt," with stilts, he'd "walk upon the waters, truly like a thing of life."

We started on Thursday morning for Madison, Wisconsin, via Janesville, and our route lay through northeastern Illinois. Leaving the city at 10 o'clock, with a long train of cars crowded to an uncomfortable degree, we were soon thanking heaven we lived in a land where "the soil are rolling." For miles on miles, it appeared to us the wild duck was the principal "baste," with the exception of the frog, that grazed the region around the "Garden City." Sky and wet prairie on the one hand, and wet prairie and sky on the other. We had read of the sublimity of the prairies, romance, and all that sort of thing, but the most romantic sight to us in the first fifteen miles was—a cow; for that told of a habitation and trees; and, sure enough, a few scrub oaks!—being, we suppose, the only inducement to locate—displayed in their midst a farmhouse. After that, the country became more undulating and more thickly settled, with some fine farms, well improved; but the general character of the land to the Wisconsin line, was flat, wet prairie, but little timber, and that all oak, and the price from \$20 to \$50 per acre, wherever tillable.

We had been informed, that herding cattle upon these prairies was a considerable, and most profitable business, owing to the demand for beef for packing at Chicago, and felt anxious to see for ourselves the condition of cattle having such luxuriant range, and we soon had our desires gratified. Shades of the departed Pharaohs were these the favored herds that graze in "Egypt?" We'd lay a wager, if Pharaoh were here to-day, till dreamer as he was, he couldn't dream them thinner, and we'd give him odds and win. As we looked upon them, we thought, in fact, we felt we had seen, poor cattle somewhere last spring, but we couldn't keep from our mind the comparison of a thin friend, made by an Irishman to another native of the "ould sod." "Pon my soul, Patrick, you thin, and I'm thin, but, he jibes, he's thinner than both us, put together." Whether two of them would be thinner than one, Paddy might determine, but in Kentucky, the man who owned two, would be poorer than he who owned one, and richer than either, he who owned none. We were told it was owing to flies and want of water during the summer.

There are some very thriving towns upon this road, the most flourishing of which is Elgin, upon Rock River. The country now became more thickly settled, and evi-

## Scratches around Town.

BY SHINGLE-NAI.

Who does not feel a thrill of awe shoot through his frame as he enters the house of God, and hears The Choir.

Chant his praise, accompanied with the beautiful music of an Organ? You seem transported to another sphere; the associations engendered by contact with a sordid world are dispelled, and your spirit seems ready to take its flight to "upper air." Such were our feelings as we entered, on Sabbath morning last, the Presbyterian Church. The harmony of the voices, and the deep, rich music, all combined to make it grand; yet in all its grandness, sublimely reigned supreme. The young ladies and gentlemen of the Church deserve commendation for the manner in which they have heretofore kept up their Choir, and the addition of instrumental music will improve it very much. We hope the "toll on change" is removed that Rev. A. B. Knagur has resigned

The Presidency.

Of the "Kentucky Female College," Mr. K. made an excellent President, and the pupils and friends of the College will part with him with regret. Several gentlemen, distinguished among the literati of the State, are spoken of as his successor. Among them, is Rev. S. H. Ford, of Louisville; and we know of no one more eminently adapted to fill the station. A gentleman of brilliant talents—a ready and forcible writer—a Christian of undoubted piety—ranks among the most eminent divines in Kentucky. He is one too, whom we respect for his kind and urban manners—a qualification needed by every teacher; for experience has shown that love and kindness is better than rigid discipline. We hope Mr. Ford will be selected as President of the College. Such men reflect honor on institutions of learning. Do not the members of all our Churches think the

Houses of Worship

Need painting, repairing, etc? God has "blessed them in their basket, and in their storehouse." The year has been one of remarkable plenty; prosperity reigns on every hand. Yet the church members are too penurious to give a little of their overplus to improve the houses. What do the Shelbyville Houses of Worship resemble? How long shall they remain so? just so long as those who worship in them prefer speculating in "Chicago property," etc., to doing an act to benefit the community, and win the approving smile of God.

BYRON.

Says, somewhere in Don Juan, (hunt it up,) that "Sweet it is to hear the watch-dog's honest bark." Now, that do very well in poetry, but the actual is far different from the ideal. To be annoyed from time till down by the yelping of that Mrs. Parson's dog, "infernally canine," is enough to excite the wrath of a preacher. Besides, "our town dogs,"

are the meanest set we know; they never stay at home, but always come and yelp under their neighbors' windows. We are serenaded every night by a yellow-lipped hound and the more "bricks" we throw him, the longer he stays. Never mind, we'll try up some beef for him next week. Among the occurrences of the week, is the discontinuance of

The Rail Road Express.

We are extremely sorry. We had become so accustomed to being awaked every morning by the soul-inspiring music of "Chawles," that we will miss it greatly. Many others are in the same fix; and we hope "Chawles" will continue, if the Stage does not. Passing by McGrath's the other day, we saw displayed some

Bonnets and Petticoats.

To sell the Shawls worn by the young gentlemen about town, who will shortly appear in "tall rig." The question has been sprung, "Have we a

Street Surveyor.

Among us?" Our opinion is, that we have not; the corner of Main and Ninth streets, does not evidence it, at any rate.

The deer, in quiet confidence, came down in herds to drink;

The wild fowl sporting on the breast, the stately here;

While high above the eagles scream comes startling from the air;

But hark! a wail falls on the ear, and in slow procession come

Murpheys.

To hear some of his "Oyster Poetry," Listen:

To sell them by the can or dish,

Or any way that you may wish;

At noon, both night and day,

You can have them here any way.

Give us another joint—can we mean, and charge it to

SHINGLES-NAI.

LAND SALES AT RED WING MINNESOTA.

The sale of public lands in the Red Wing district, which commenced on the 27th ult., was well attended, says the Pioneer, persons not only from St. Paul and other points in the Territory, but by visitors from the East, seeking opportunities for investment.

As at the sale at Minneapolis, the rights of settlers, who had not the opportunity of preempting their lands, were scrupulously regarded. The highest price paid for land, we are informed, was \$5 50 per acre—the average being about \$2 50 per acre. The greater portion of land, put up for sale by the last proclamation of the President, was disposed of up to the 26th of October. \$70,000 had been received at the land office for pre-emptions alone, nearly all of which was for land in the townships advertised for sale.

We clip the following items in regard to Red Wing from the Sentinel:

Red Wing has increased in population during the year 1855 over eight hundred.—Its trade extends to the Iowa line on the south, and embraces Steel county on the west, and it has no competing town for seventy miles below it on the Mississippi.

The soil of the country thus tributary to it is the richest in Minnesota, and has been

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Yours, &c., X. Y. Z.

denced high cultivation, with rolling land and prairie; but wherever a cut showed the character of the soil, it was rather thin, with sand and gravel subsoil, and but little clay; the top, a black sandy loam. Blue grass abounded wherever the land had been trodden. Corn crop miserable; from Louisville to this place, many fields appear to have been abandoned.—Too much wet.

Arriving at the Wisconsin State line by 4 o'clock, p. m., we took stages to Janesville, 6 miles. From the moment we struck the line, we observed an improvement in the land, and habitations. The land became higher and more heavily wooded, with deeper soil, and better appearances of crops. The approach to Janesville is surpassingly beautiful; situated in a basin on Rock river, with hills all around it, it presents a striking resemblance to Frankfort, Kentucky, yet far exceeding Frankfort in the character of its improvements, and in the luxuriant and lovely forest, covering the hills. Peeping out from among the foliage on the top of one of these hills, in a beautiful spot, overlooking Janesville, and Rock river, stands the Wisconsin Asylum for the Blind,—an erection of beautiful architecture, built of the bright buff-colored limestone peculiar to that region. Janesville is quite a business place, with several large mills running by water power, from Rock river. It is said to contain 8,000 inhabitants.

After supper at Janesville, we again took the cars for Madison, where we arrived at bed time, and after a sound night's rest, in the well named "Capitol House," opened our eyes next morning upon a scene that might challenge the world for a rival. Standing between two lovely lakes, Mendota, and Monona, their placid waters rippling in gentle curves over the pure sand and white pebbles which restrain their play, far off, through the light haze of this lovely day of Indian summer, covered with oak, whose leaves are reveling in all the gorgeous dress of autumn, far as the eye can see, in rounded promontories or gentle slopes, come down the wooded shores; and here, and there, but half revealed among the trees, a fancy cottage, or a splendid mansion arrests the eye, but for a moment, from the endless variety of beauty. Sweet fairy seem! undreamed of, by thousands native to your soil, who scour the shores of other lands, and laud with painter's skill and poet's pen, spots void of half thy beauty. Wrapped in a delightful reverie,

Software—Monona—Fairy-like! How musical it fell, When sung by Indian maiden's lips, like chimes of low-toned bells;

My mind is with, these years ago, when to thy

pobly briar,

The deer, in quiet confidence, came down in herds to drink;

The wild fowl sporting on the breast, the stately here;

While high above the eagles scream comes startling from the air;

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Monona—Fairy Lake."

\*\*\* The special Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune says that he has learned from a source which leaves no doubt as to the truth of the statement, that some time before the famous Col. Kinney left for Nicaragua, he proposed to the Russian minister, M. Stoeckl, to involve the United States in a difficulty with England about Cuba. One element of his proposal was, that the affair should be brought to the attention of the British Government, and that the United States should be induced to locate—displayed in their midst a farmhouse. After that, the country became more undulating and more thickly settled, with some fine farms, well improved; but the general character of the land to the Wisconsin line, was flat, wet prairie, but little timber, and that all oak, and the price from \$20 to \$50 per acre, wherever tillable.

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## From Nicaragua, California and Oregon.

ARRIVAL OF THE NORTHERN LIGHT.

The Accessory Transit Company's steamer, Northern Light, arrived at New York on the 11th inst., from Juan del Norte.

She brings the passengers of the Sierra Nevada, who left San Francisco at five o'clock, P. M., on the 20th of October. The passengers are all in good health, not a case of sickness having occurred during the whole voyage.

Everything was quiet on the Isthmus, and the passengers crossed in good time and perfect safety.

Col. Walker, leading the Democratic party in Nicaragua had concluded a treaty of peace with the Chamorro party.

Don Patricio Rivas was appointed provisional President (Col. Walker refusing) and sworn into office on the 31st of October, in the presence of a large number of the



Henri F. Middleton, Editor and Proprietor

"Against the enemies who of foreign a influence, (I venture to be sure are, Silver-odious,) the position of this paper is to be on the side of the most honest and a responsible government. *Washington is at this time about the most honest and responsible government.*

Wednesday, November 21, 1855

**Thomason Council, No. 153,**  
of the AMERICAN ORDER, meets in the Court House, every THURSDAY NIGHT, at 7 o'clock. HENRI F. MIDDLETON, President.

We are indebted to our friend JOHN F. LONG, of Coloma, California, for files of late papers from that State.

**Fine Gold Pen**—This paragraph is written with a splendid GOLD PEN, in a richly chased silver HOLDER—presents from MESSRS. CONVERY & LOOMIS, of Frankfort; and for which we tender them our thanks.

These gentleman, by the way, have in their store one of the finest and richest stocks of Jewelry and gold and silver Plate ever offered for sale in any city.

**Fine Specimen**—The finest specimen of Cutlery we ever examined, was shewn us the other day at the Jewelry Store of MESSRS. CONVERY & LOOMIS, at Frankfort.

It was a pen knife, with six blades, of the size of the ordinary "Congress Knife."

In workmanship and finish, it excelled every article of Cutlery we ever saw. It was so pretty—and being fond of pretty things—we almost wished we were able to buy it.

**Who has Them?**—Who has some good winter Apples, to spare, for putting up? Don't all speak at once, but let us know.

**Sold**—Mr. WILLIAM HARRISON's farm of 190 acres, which we advertised last week, has been sold to Mr. NATHAN HOWELL, at \$14,000—being over \$73 per acre.

**Fine Corn**—Mr. V. B. PERRY, residing near Clayville, in this county, has left at our office five ears of Corn, as a fair sample of his crop. One ear has 24 rows, of 60 grains to the row; and others are nearly as prolific.—The five ears average 1019 grains. Where is that Ohio ear?

Mr. Louis DePuy, has also brought us sample ears of his crop, which are very fine, though not quite equal to Mr. PERRY's. We have an ear of the genuine Virginia Hominy Corn at our office; and should any farmer desire to get some seed, he can examine the ear we have, and call upon the seed of S. C. SAXE, of Frankfort.

**Apples**—JOHN ROBINSON, Esq., has presented us samples of the Sward. They are very large, and appear to be a fine fruit.

**Another Elegant Compliment**—The annexed correspondence will explain itself. We desired to accompany it with some remarks; but the emotions created by this manifestation of appreciation and respect, by our neighbors and friends, are of that character that we cannot, on the spur of the occasion, command our feelings sufficiently to do so. Hereafter, we will endeavor to offer some observations.

SHELBY COUNTY, Ky., Nov. 19, 1855.  
HENRY F. MIDDLETON, Esq.,  
Editor of "The Shelby News."

Dear Sirs—By resolution of a Mass. Meeting of Americans, assembled in Shelbyville, on last Monday, we were directed to have "prepared, for the Editor of "The Shelby News," a SILVER PICTURE FRAME" *etc.*

This pleasing offer has been performed, and we herewith present them to you, on behalf of the Americans of Shelby county, your friends and your nephews; and beg you will accept them, as a token of the high estimation in which they hold the able, zealous and fearless manner, in which you have advocated the principles.

You are remembered, sir, as the advocate of Americanism, years ago.—Your support of these principles are a part of your history. We are persuaded you will be the last to forsake them.

With sentiments of high regard,  
Your obedient servant,  
W. B. H. M.  
S. H. MYLES,  
C. D. BONNEY, Committee.

OFFICE OF THE SHELBY NEWS,  
SHELBYVILLE, Ky., November 19, 1855.

GENTLEMEN:—Your flattering note, accompanied by the very elegant present, which, as committee on behalf of the Americans of Shelby county, you have transmitted to me, awakens within me the liveliest emotions of gratitude. It is always a source of genuine pleasure, to be recognized as having done our duty. Though conscious of having borne ourself upright, and though sustained by that fact, yet, when we receive the approbation of friends, and that declared in a public manner, as was done by the resolution of the 12th instant, we cannot but feel, that our efforts have at length been appreciated, and that we have not worked in vain.

No compliment is so grateful to me, as the spontaneous tribute of Neighbors. It is the verdict of those before whom observation has daily passed, has passed in review. Though we cannot be inspired to additional activity by such compliments,—for we are moved alone by duty,—yet, we shall tread the arduous path of Editorial service all the more cheerfully, for this kind manifestation of our friends and neighbors of Shelby; and labor as unceasingly to do our duty, and to justify and ensure the continuance of the efforts so abundantly exhibited to us.

With the kindest acknowledgments, gentlemen, to those you represent, and to you personally, believe me,  
HENRY F. MIDDLETON.

To Wm. S. Helm, Esq., Capt. S. H. Myles, and Dr. C. D. Bonney, Committee, etc.

THE "Our friends of the "Louisville Courier," thus notices the handsome compliment from our friends of Old Shelby:

A HANDBOME PRESENT.—We had the pleasure of examining, yesterday, at Mr. Hudson's silver ware manufactory, on Fourth street, a beautiful and richly chased pitcher and goblet. These articles are inscribed "To Henry F. Middleton, from the Americans of Shelby." As the inscription denotes, they are designed to testify the appreciation in which the Know-Nothing of Shelby hold their county editor.

Our friend Middleton is in luck. But recently we noticed that a similar compliment had been bestowed upon him by the Know-Nothing of Frankfort. Doubtless this, from his immediate friends and patrons, will be more gratifying testimonial of the two. W. S. Helm, Esq., was instrumental in getting up the handsome present.

**Of Sales, advertised in the Shelby News, and by bills printed at the News Office.**

AT PUBLIC SALE.  
November 27: Personal Property of Tyler Elliott—See bills and advertisement.

December 3: Valuable Town Property in Versailles, by Geo. C. Castleton. See advertisement.

January 7: Numerous Property by Commissioner Bohannon. See advertisement.

December 10: Land, etc., by Com'r Sanders and Bohannon. See adv.

November 22: Stock, crop, etc., of J. A. Glass. See bills and adv.

November 30: Farm and Personal Property of T. M. Buford. See bills

December 14: Farm of Mrs. S. W. Adams. See adv.

AT PRIVATE SALE.

A fine Farm by James L. and Thomas I. Long—See advertisement.

Judah S. Glass a very desirable Farm, near Clayville. See advertisement.

The Town Property of Philip Adams. See adv.

Farm of George Price. See advertisement.

The fine Residences of Miss Lane, in Shelbyville. See adv.

5 SPECIAL NOTICES.

**Capital Hotel.** The attention of our readers is particularly called to the card of this Hotel. There is no finer hotel in the United States, nor a cleverer gentleman than its proprietor.

97 Read all the Special Notices.

5 NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Our new advertisements contain many matters of interest, but we have not space to refer to each.

Have you a Cough?—Go to ELLINGWOODS' and get a box of Looock's Palmonic Wafers. We speak from experience, when we say that all remedies have ever tried for a cough, Looock's Wafers are decidedly the most effectual. Indeed, they are certain to stop the severest cough, in a short time. Try them; and prove it.

Something New.—COLTON'S AMERICAN ATLAS AND ATLAS OF THE WORLD, illustrating Physical and Political Geography, constructed from Official Surveys, and other authentic material.

The "American Atlas" contains separate Maps of the Country and of North and South America and the West Indies; is all, about one hundred maps and plans, on about sixty-one sheets.

The "Atlas of the World" includes, besides the series of Maps contained in the American Atlas, about an equal number, representing the States and Countries of Europe, Asia, Africa, and Oceania; and in about 180 maps and plans, on about 110 sheets.

The maps of these two Atlases exhibit, true representations of all works of public improvement, completed or projected, such as lines of railroads, canals, plank roads, stage roads, &c.

Each Atlas is illustrated with letter-press descriptions of the countries delineated, exhibiting a full account of their geography, resources, commerce, and general interests, and the statistics relative to the several subjects treated upon.

Works such as the above designated, have long been demanded by the enlightened portion of the general public. Every effort, indeed, has been used by the Publishers to furnish, both in reference to artistic excellence and literary merit, works creditable alike to the genius, talent, and skill of America, and much superior in every respect to any former production of a like nature. The utility of such works is not limited to any class, but is co-extensive with the sphere of civilized humanity, and while the friends of the "American" will be second to no other.

The railroad company have put the fare to persons attending the meeting at half price.

5 NEW BRANCH OF THE NORTHERN BANK.

—We learn that the Northern Bank of Kentucky has established a branch at Barboursville, Knox county. This is the fifth branch of this bank.

5 RAILROAD.—The people of Harrodsburg, finding that Louisville does not desire to have the trade of that section, are preparing to extend the Lexington and Danville Railroad to Harrodsburg and do their trading with Lexington and Cincinnati hereafter.

5 There will be a vast multitude at the American Mass Meeting next Tuesday, at Louisville. It is expected, that a number of the American members of Congress, with other distinguished men will be present, and a feast of eloquence may be expected.

5 CANDLES.—Sperm candles, near star candles, 200 at \$1.20; and rope at \$1.

5 COAL.—Retail sales of Pittsburgh 12@25c.

5 COTTON AND COTTON YARNS.—Sales of middling at \$2.10c; and tanned coarse at 12@15c per pound.

5 CANDLES.—Sperm candles, near star candles, 200 at \$1.20c; common mould, 11@15c for best.

5 FEATHERS.—Sales of prime at 31@32c; com. 25@30c.

5 FLOUR AND GRAINS.—Extra brands \$7.50@7.

5 FEATHERS.—No. 100, 12@15c; No. 200, 23@25c.

5 GROCERIES.—No. 100, 11@11c; milled, 12@15c.

5 HEMP.—The receipts small, with sales at \$1.40@4.50c; sugar, \$2.47c; fife 7c.

5 HEMP.—The receipts small, with sales at \$1.40@4.50c; dry salted, 12@12c; dry flat, 12@15c.

5 PROVISIONS.—Pork is firm, with sales of meat at \$2.00@2.10c; bacon, clear sides 12@15c.

5 SALT.—100 lbs. 4c per bushel; alum, 50c.

5 TOBACCO.—The sales Saturday amounted to 14@22c.

5 SEEDS.—Sales of clover, 6c per bushel; timothy, \$3.25 bluegrass, \$1; cleaved bluegrass, \$1.40@4.50c; sugar, \$2.47c; fife 7c.

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# The Garland.

## MARGARET.

I'll not stir, the war's started;  
The hero's still the warrior's duty;  
My strain shall tell the sweater charms  
Of innocence and beauty.

And how, when Margaret is the theme,  
Could I refuse to weave the song?  
Who's e'er heard music in a dream,  
But would that dream prolong?

The faultless form, the winning grace,  
The bounding step, and airy glee,  
The pure mind speaking in her face;  
Ah, they have charms for me.

Long live that budding fairy flower,  
Blooming and blushing like a rose;  
She graces well her native bower,  
And round a gladdening freshness throws.

And never may the storms of care  
Down low that mind of floweret's head;  
But gentle, genial air  
A constant, kindly influence shed.

## Miscellaneous.

From Arthur's Home Magazine.

**THE TWO HOMES.**  
Two men, on their way home, met at a street crossing, and then walked on together. They were neighbors, and friends. "This has been a very hard day," said Mr. Freeman, in a groan voice.

"A very hard day," echoed, echoed almost sepulchrally, Mr. Walcott. "Little or no cash coming in—payments heavy—money scarce, and at ruinous rates. What is to become of us?"

"Heaven only knows," answered Mr. Freeman. "For my part I see no light ahead. Every day comes new reports of failures every day confidence diminishes, every day some prop that we leaned upon is taken away."

"Many think we are at the worst," said Mr. Walcott.

"And others, that we have scarcely seen the beginning of the end!"—returned the neighbor.

And so, as they walked homeward, they discouraged each other, and made darker the clouds that obscured their whole horizon.

"Good evening," was at last said, hurriedly; and the two men passed into their homes.

Mr. Walcott entered the room, where his wife and children were gathered, and without speaking to any one, seated himself in a chair, and leaning his head back, closed his eyes. His countenance wore a sad, weary, exhausted look. He had been seated thus for only a few minutes, when his wife said, in a fretful voice—

"More trouble again!"

"What's the matter now?" asked Mr. Walcott, almost starting.

"John has been sent home from school."

"What?" Mr. Walcott partly arose from his chair.

"He's been suspended for bad conduct."

"O dear!" groaned Mr. Walcott; "Where is he?"

"Up in his room. I sent him there as soon as he came home. You'll have to do something with him. He'll be ruined if he goes on in this way. I'm out of all heart with him."

Mr. Walcott had never known his son to tell an untruth; and the words smote with rebuke upon his heart.

"Very well—we will see about that"—he answered, with forced sternness, and leaving the room he went down stairs, feeling much worse than when he went up. Again he seated himself in his large chair, and again leaned back his weary head, and closed his heavy eyelids. Sadder was his than before. As he sat thus, his oldest daughter, in her sixteenth year, came and stood by him. She held a paper in her hand—

"Father!"—he opened his eyes.

"Here's my quartz bill. It's twenty dollars. Can't I have the money to take to school with me in the morning?"

"I'm afraid not"—answered Mr. Walcott, half sadly.

"Nearly all the girls will bring in their money to-morrow; and it mortifies me to be behind the others." The daughter spoke fretfully. Mr. Walcott waved her aside with his hand, and she went off muttering and pouting.

"It is mortifying," spoke up Mrs. Walcott, a little sharply—"and I don't wonder that Helen feels unpleasantly about it. The bill has to be paid, and I do not see why it may not be done as well first as last."

To this Mr. Walcott made no answer. The words but added another pressure to the burden under which he was already staggering. After a silence of some moments, Mrs. Walcott said—

"The coal is all gone."

"Impossible!" Mr. Walcott raised his head, and looked incredulous. "I laid in there, and I see it!"

"I can't help it, if there were sixty tons instead of sixteen; it's all gone." The girls had a time of it to-day, to scrape up enough to keep the fire going.

"There's been a shameful waste somewhere," said Mr. Walcott, with strong emphasis, starting up and moving about the room with a very disturbed manner.

"So you always say, when anything is out?" answered Mr. Walcott rather tartly.

"The barrel of flour is gone also; but I suppose you have done your part, with the rest, in using it up."

Mr. Walcott returned to his chair, and again seemed himself, leaned his head and closed his eyes, as before. How sad, and weary, and hopeless he looked. The burdens of the day had seemed almost too heavy for him; but he had borne up bravely. To gather strength for a renewed struggle with adverse circumstances, he had come home. Alas! that the process of exhaustion should still go on. That where only strength could be looked for no strength was given.

When the tea bell rung, Mr. Walcott made no movement to obey the summons. "Come to supper," said his wife, coldly.

"Aint you coming to supper?" she called to him, as she was leaving the room.

"I don't wish any thing this evening. My head aches badly," he answered.

"In the dumps again," muttered Mrs. Walcott to herself. "It's as much as one's life is worth to ask for money, or to say that any thing is wanted." And she kept on her way to the dining room. When she returned, her husband was still sitting where she had left him.

"Shall I bring you a cup of tea?" she asked.

"No; I don't wish any thing."

"What's the matter, Mr. Walcott? What do you look so troubled about, as if you hadn't a friend in the world? What have I done to you?"

There was no answer, for there was not a shade of real sympathy in the voice that made the querries—but rather a querulous dissatisfaction. A few moments Mrs. Walcott stood near her husband; but as he did not seem inclined to answer her question, she turned off from him, and resumed the employment which had been interrupted by the ringing of the tea bell.

The whole evening passed without the occurrence of a single incident that gave a healthy pulsation to the sick heart of Mr. Walcott. No thoughtful kindness was manifested by any member of the family; but, on the contrary, a narrow regard for self, and a looking to him only to supply the means of self-gratification.

No wonder, from the pressure which was on him, that Mr. Walcott felt utterly disengaged. He retired early, and sought to find that relief from mental disquietude, in sleep, which he had vainly hoped for in the bosom of his family. But the whole night passed in broken slumber, and disturbing dreams.

From the cheerful morning meal,

at which he was reminded of the quarter bill that must be paid, of the coal and flour that were out, and of the necessity of supplying Mrs. Walcott's empty purse, he went forth to meet the difficulties of another day, faint at heart, and almost hopeless of success. A confident spirit, sustained by home affections, would have carried him through; but, unsupported as he was, the burden was too heavy for him, and he sunk under it. The day that opened so unprofitably, closed upon him, a ruined man!

Let us look for a few moments, upon Mr. Freeman, the friend and neighbor of Mr. Walcott. He, also, had come home weary, dispirited, and almost sick. The trials of the day had been unusually severe, and when he looked anxiously forward to scan the future, not even a gleam of light was seen along the black horizon.

As he stepped across the threshold of his dwelling, a pang shot through his heart; for the thought came, 'How slight the present hold upon all these comforts!' Not for himself, but for his wife and children, was the pain.

"Father's come!" cried a glad little voice on the stairs, the moment his foot-fall sounded in the passage; then quick, patting feet were heard—and then a tiny form was springing into his arms. Before reaching the sitting room above, Alice, the oldest daughter, was by his side, her arm drawn fondly within his, and her loving eyes lifted to his face.

"He! he! he!" exclaimed Zeze, as he stopped one morning before a blazing placard which adored one of the back walls in Flag Alley; "wat'n tarnation's that! A Golden Lad—der a Road to For-tu-né—oh, forin, that's it—a road to forin."

Zoze went on to decipher the reading beneath, and gradually he gained the intelligence that in Back Bay there was to be a pole twenty feet high, and upon the top of which the proprietor would place a prize, of \$200, to be obtained by any one could obtain it. Chances \$3.

"Well, few hundred is some punkins," soliloquized Zeze. "I've climb some poaty skinney trees in my day. I'll just walk along that feller's few hundred, route of I don't."

"With this feeling ofupidity, Zeze, started for the scene of action, and 'twas not till he had run down dozen apple women that he remembered his entire ignorance of where Black Bay might be, and when this information was gained, he appeared to remember that the "old mare" hadn't been seen to.

Zoze was economical in his horse-keeping. He hired a single stall in a small shed near the Providence Depot, bought his own hay, and took care of his own animal.—Thither he hastened his steps, and having fed and watered his beast, he took from his wagon-box an old wool-card, and raked down the mare in the most approved manner. To be sure the steel teeth moved a little more harshly over the bones than usual, but then Zeze was in a hurry, for that "few hundred" was in his eye.

At length, by dint of much inquiry, Mr. Zeke Philpot found his way to the spot where the people had already begun to collect around the "Golden Ladd."

"Hal-low!" exclaimed Zeze, as he came up; what's the chap wot keeps this ere pole?"

"I am the man, answered a burly fellow with a red nose and a pimpled chin, who occupied a chair near the pole; what's the chance?" Walk up gentlemen, walk up; only three dollars. Who wants the two hundred?"

"Hold on, ole feller," interrupted Zeze;

"dew yer mean to say as how's there's few hundred dollars in that 'ere big up the top o' that pole?"

"Certainly."

"An' if I ken get it it's mine?"

"You can have a chance for three dollars, Mr. Zeke."

"Zackly, Wal, now, there's yer three, an' now heere's what for the hell o' lot."

Zoze divested himself of his coat, rolled up his shirt-sleeves, and giving a powerful leap, grasped the pole about ten feet from the ground. A single second—not longer—he staid there; and then—slipped back upon terra firma. Zeze looked at his hands, and then looked up to his nose, while a deep, long snell seemed to set his doubts and queries at rest he uttered—

"The Duke! Hog's fat by thunder!"

A broad laugh from the crowd soon brought Zeze to his senses, and convinced him that he had been sold. But ere he could find his tongue again, all out salt, about "three sheets in the wind," paid for his chance, and essayed to climb the pole. The sailor hugged half way up, and then he slid. The crowd laughed again, but this time their attention was turned was turned from Zeze to the new aspirant, and after waiting a moment in a sort of "brown study," our hero quickly slipped away, remarking to the red nosed man "he was goin' to git three dollars more, and he'd be darned if he didn't try it again."

In an hour Zeze was again upon the ground.

"Now old feller," said he to the man who took the entrance money, "I want two to try that 'ere thing wunst more, an' I want yew t' understand, 't I shall jis' take off my sheeshs this time."

"Got nothing in your stocking?" suggested the red nose man.

"Nuthin' but my feet," rejoined Zeze, as he planted thirteen inches of flesh bone into the lap of the querist.

Zoze paid his three dollars, and minus coat, vest and "sheeshs," he grasped the pole. Slowly, yet steadily he crept up from the ground. He hugged like a bloodsucker to the greased pole, and by degrees he neared the top. His hand was within a foot of the bag of dollars, and he stopped to rest his chin. One more lift, and then another, and the prize was within his grasp. Zeze slid to the earth with two hundred dollars!

"Thar! know I could dew it. I hain't clum spruces and white mables all my days for nothin'! Good by, folks, an' if eny feof ever cum down east, jest guy us a call."

Zoze left the crowd in wonder, and made the best of his way to the stable. He shut the door of the shed, and then pulling up his trowsers, he untied from the inside of each knee one half of the steel-toothed leather of his old horse-card!

"Wall, old Dobbin," said Zeze, patting the mare affectionately on the back, while he held the pieces of card-leather in his hand, the scattering teeth of which had been filed sharp, "rather guess I ken' f'ord to buy yeou a new keard neow."

ADMISION TO YOURN.—"Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." If there is one command in the whole blessed book that should be obeyed more than another, it is the above. However debased may be the parent, however low he may be sunk in the scale of humanity, it is the child's bounden duty, through evil and good report, through sickness and through sorrow, to sustain him until the clouds of the valley have covered him. How little do we know, and how much less do we appreciate the cares, the anxieties and the troubles of a parent, in the bringing us from childhood up to manhood, and never can we fully repay them, if our days are lengthened to the longest life. The child who would neglect his parent—that would fail to soothe him in the last trying hour—

"I don't wish any thing this evening. My head aches badly," he answered.

"In the dumps again," muttered Mrs. Walcott to herself. "It's as much as one's life is worth to ask for money, or to say that any thing is wanted."

"I can't help it, if there were sixty tons instead of sixteen; it's all gone."

The girls had a time of it to-day, to scrape up enough to keep the fire going.

"I see light ahead," was the hopeful words of Mr. Freeman, as he resigned himself to slumber.

With renewed strength of mind and body, and a confident spirit, he went forth on the next day—a day that he had looked forward to with fear and trembling. And it was only through this renewed strength and confident spirit, that he was able to overcome the difficulties that loomed up mountain high, before him. Weak despondency would have ruined all. Home had proved his tower of strength—the walled city. It had been to him as the shield of a weary land. Strengthened for the conflict, he had gone forth again into the world, and conquered in the struggle.

"I see light ahead"—gave place to "The morning breaketh."

"The name of the architect who builds castles in the air is To-Morrow; and Hope lays the foundation.

"So you always say, when anything is out?" answered Mr. Walcott rather tartly.

"The barrel of flour is gone also; but I suppose you have done your part, with the rest, in using it up."

Mr. Walcott returned to his chair, and again seemed himself, leaned his head and closed his eyes, as before. How sad, and weary, and hopeless he looked.

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